THE

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On the deſtructive Effects of the Aphis, and Blights on Fruit Trees; with uſeful Obſervations for preventing them. By Thomas Andrew Knight, Eſq. of Elton, near Ludlow.

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SO many writers on gardening, and on general agriculture, have treated on blights, and ſo many different theories have been offered to the public, that the ſubject may appear to many, to have been already ſufficiently inveſtigated. The ſociety, however, entertained a contrary opinion; and having expreſſed a wiſh to receive further information, I avail myſelf of this opportunity to lay before them ſome remarks, which I have at different times made, during ſeveral years of rather cloſe attention to the ſubject.

What are uſually termed blights, in the vague and extenſive ſignification of that word, appear to me to originate from three diſtinct cauſes:—From inſects, from paraſitical plants, and from unfavourable ſeaſons.

The deſtructive effects of the aphis on wall-trees are ſo well known to every gardener, as ſcarcely to require deſcription. The leaves curl up, the fruit drops off, and the progreſs of vegetation is almoſt totally ſuſpended. Much ill-applied labour is often uſed by the gardener to deſtroy theſe inſects, though they are not very tenacious of life. Another more extenſive, but leſs fatal diſeaſe in plants, the honey-dew, is produced by this inſect, as deſcribed by the Abbé Boiſſier de Sauvages. It has, however, been contended, that the honey dew is not produced by the aphis, but that it is a morbid exudation from the plant; at leaſt that there are two kinds of it; becauſe the leaves are often covered with honey on trees where the aphis is not found, and

becauſe the aphis is ſometimes found without the honey-dew. But to this it may be objected, that honey, not being a volatile ſubſtance, will remain on the leaves, till it be waſhed off by the rain; and, when moiſtened by the dew, will leave the appearance of a recent exudation; and that the aphis certainly does not afford honey at any period of its exiſtence. I have frequently placed plates of glaſs and of talc under the leaves of fruit-trees, on which different ſpecies of the aphis abounded, and I have found theſe ſubſtances to be in a few hours covered with honey: and I have at other times diſtinctly ſeen the honey fall from the under-ſides of the leaves, where theſe inſects abounded, by the following means. Having placed a ſmall branch, containing a numerous colony of inſects, in the window of my ſtudy, where the ſun ſhone ſtrongly upon it, I cloſed the ſhutters ſo as to exclude all the light, but that which fell directly on the branch. In this ſituation the deſcending drops of honey became extremely viſible by refraction, and appeared evidently to be emitted from the inſect with conſiderable force. Each drop contained many minute white points, which I conſidered as the eggs of the aphis; but as I knew that the modes of generation in this ſingular inſect had much engaged the attention of naturaliſts, I did not examine with ſufficient attention to decide that point. This ſpecies of inſect appears to require a previous diſpoſition in the tree to receive it; and its firſt attacks may thence be conſidered as ſymptomatic of a previous ill habit in the tree: for I have found that trees which have lately been tranſplanted, have totally eſcaped its attacks, when every other tree of the ſame kind of fruit, growing in the ſame ſituation, has been nearly deſtroyed. And I can aſſert from many experiments, that if every peach and nectarine tree was to be dug up once in every five or ſix years, and to be replanted with ſome freſh mould round the roots (which ſhould be as little injured as poſſible), a much larger quantity of fruit, and of very ſuperior quality, would be obtained. It is unneceſſary to inform the experienced gardener, that the tree ſhould be removed early in the autumn; that its branches ſhould be conſiderably retrenched, and that it ſhould not be ſuffered to bear a heavy crop of fruit in the ſucceeding ſeaſon. I have never found any ſpecies among the numerous and prolific genus of the aphis, which was not readily deſtroyed on the wall-tree by covering it with a ſheet of canvas, and under that introducing the ſmoke of tobacco. It is, however, neceſſary that the fumigation ſhould be repeated twice or thrice, with intervals of four or five days. I have often ſeen the addition of ſulphur recommended, and have known it tried, but always with fatal conſequences to the tree, as well as to the inſects.

The bloſſoms of apple and pear trees are often ſaid by farmers to be blighted, when they are deſtroyed by inſects, which breed

breed within them, or in their fruit; and the ſame term is uſed, when the leaves have been eaten by the caterpillar: but as the inſects themſelves, as well as the manner in which their depredations are made, are extremely obvious, they do not properly come under our obſervation when treating of blights.

The ſpecies of paraſitical plants which are found in the form of diſeaſe on other plants, appear to me greatly to exceed the number of thoſe I have any where ſeen deſcribed by botanical writers. Of theſe the mildew is the moſt common and obvious. If a branch, infected with this diſeaſe, be ſtruck by the hand in calm dry weather, a quantity of white powder will be found to fly from it; and if this be received on a plate of talc, or of glaſs, and examined by the microſcope, it will be found to conſiſt of very numerous oval bodies, evidently organized. There is another plant ſimilar to this in every thing but colour (being of a tawny brown), which is not unfrequently found on the leaves of young apple trees. Both theſe plants appear to me to be evidently ſpecies of mucor; and as much the greater number of ſpecies of this genus of plants is found to flouriſh in damp air, and in ſituations deprived of light, it may be ſuppoſed that the foregoing diſeaſes might be prevented or removed, by placing the plants at proper diſtances: but I have not found this to be the caſe. They, however, abound moſt in low and ſheltered ſituations; but they are not unfrequently ſeen in thoſe of an oppoſite kind. The red and white mould on hops, and the black ſpots on ſtalks of wheat (the rubigo of Virgil), and many other diſeaſes of plants, will, I think, be found to ariſe from the attacks of minute plants of this genus, which appears to me to poſſeſs qualities ſomewhat ſimilar to the digeſtive powers of animals.

The moſt common and extenſive cauſes of what are termed blights, remain ſtill to be deſcribed, and evidently exiſt in the defects and ſudden variations of our unſteady climate. Whatever be the cauſe by which the ſap is raiſed and propelled to the extremities of trees, it is well known that its progreſs is accelerated by heat, and that it is checked, or totally ſuſpended, by cold; and it has been aſcertained by others, as well as by myſelf, and indeed is known to every experienced gardener, that a plant under the moſt ſkilful management, does not readily recover its former vigour, when it has been injured by expoſure, for a few hours, to a temperature much below that to which it has been previouſly accuſtomed. It frequently happens in this climate, when the bloſſoms of our fruit-trees are juſt expanding, that a very warm day ſucceeds a night whoſe temperature has been ſome degrees below the freezing point of water. In ſuch a day the evaporation from the unfolding leaves and bloſſoms will be greatly increaſed by the agency of heat and light, while the ſupply of nouriſhment is in a great meaſure cut

off by the ill effects of the preceding night. The bloſſoms will nevertheleſs unfold themſelves, but will be unproductive, from the want of due nouriſhment; while the hazy appearance of the air, which almoſt always accompanies ſuch weather in the ſpring, will induce the gardener unjuſtly to infer that the ill effects he obſerves have ariſen from ſome quality in the air (diſtinct from exceſs of heat and cold) which he denominates a blight.

The beſt defence againſt this kind of weather for wall-trees, that I believe has yet been tried, is a covering of a double and triple net; for by this the tree is in ſome degree protected from froſt; and the exceſs of evaporation, in the ſucceeding day, is in a very conſiderable degree prevented. Lightning is ſuppoſed by many to be very highly injurious to the bloſſoms of trees; but I believe that the ill effects which appear ſometimes to accompany it, may be more juſtly attributed to exceſſive heat. The careful gardener often covers his trees with mats, or ſomething of this kind; and by almoſt totally depriving the tree of light, creates that blight which he is ſo anxious to exclude.

As the bloſſoms of every tree are formed during the preceding ſummer and autumn, they will evidently be more perfect in proportion as thoſe ſeaſons have been favourable, and as the management of the gardener has been judicious: and as the power of bearing unfavourable weather will be proportional to their vigour, and to the maturity of the annual wood, through which the ſap paſſes to ſupport them, the gardener ſhould be (though he rarely is) extremely attentive to keep his trees in ſuch a ſtate, and the branches at ſuch diſtances from each other, that they may receive the greateſt poſſible benefit from the portion of light and heat which our ſhadowy climate affords them. It frequently happens in pruning, that too much bearing-wood is left on the tree. Every gardener ought to know, that where a hundred fruits are a ſufficient crop for a tree, he has a better chance to obtain that hundred from one thouſand bloſſoms, to which the whole nouriſhment of the tree is directed, than when the ſame quantity of nouriſhment has to ſupport a hundred thouſand.

In ſtandard fruit-trees, where no advantages can be derived from covering them, much may be done by the judicious application of the pruning-knife. The branches of a tree of this kind ought to be much thinned toward their extremities, ſo that the light may be admitted into the centre of the tree; but the internal parts of it ſhould never be ſo thin as to admit of a free current of air through it. When a tree has been properly pruned, bloſſoms and fruit will be found on every part of it; and, in unfavourable ſeaſons, the internal bloſſoms will receive protection from the external branches, which will be unfruitful.

It

It is particularly the intereſt of every planter, to take care that the varieties of fruit which he plants be ſufficiently hardy for the ſituation in which he places them; for, if this be not attended to, little benefit will be derived from the foregoing obſervations.

Letters written during an Excurſion through France to Geneva.

(Continued from Page 404.)

PARIS abounds with public libraries, of which you ſhall have a liſt by-and-bye: there are no fewer than ſeventeen of them: but the moſt celebrated is La Bibliotheque Nationale, rue de Richelieu, which it is now in contemplation to remove, honoris cauſâ, into its ancient habitation, within the walls of the Louvre.

This library traces its origin to a very remote æra: Charles V. added about nine hundred volumes to this little bookery—if I may coin ſuch a word for your edification—of his father John, which conſiſted of about half a dozen volumes of hiſtory or ſcience, and three or four of devotion. This collection was placed in a tower of the Louvre, which was called la Tour de la Librairie, and which was lighted every night by thirty little chandeliers, and a ſilver lamp; ſo that the learned ſtudents were accommodated here at every hour. The library was afterwards diſperſed; for when, in the year 1429, Paris was in the hands of the Engliſh, under the command of the Duke of Bedford, that nobleman bough tthe hundred and fifty volumes, of which it then conſiſted, for 1200 livres. Louis XI. collected the ſcattered remnants of this library, and profitted by the reſources with which the invention of printing preſented him. Charles VIII. added to it what the conqueſt of Italy allowed him to collect; Louis XII. added the library of Petrarch: Francis I. enriched it with Greek MSS. and Henry II. augmented it, in conſequence of the decree of 1556, which enjoined bookſellers to furniſh the royal libraries with a copy, on vellum, of every book publiſhed by the king's licence!

This immenſe library, the pride of Paris, is reputed to contain more than three hundred thouſand volumes: the printed books alone occupy the firſt floors of three ſides of the preſent building, which is a large quadrangle, including a court. The gallery of manuſcripts called La Galerie Marazine, contains thirty thouſand on the hiſtory of France, chiefly relating to events ſince the reign of Louis XI. of which number twenty-five thouſand are either in learned, or in foreign languages. Five large rooms on the ſecond ſtory, contain titles and genealogies, and include five thouſand caſes or port-folios.

The

The cabinet of medals is decorated with various paintings, &c. in the cabinet of antiques, are buſts, vaſes, inſcriptions, inſtruments of ſacrifice, &c. The cabinet of engravings conſiſts of five thouſand volumes, divided into twelve claſſes:—the firſt comprehends, ſculptors, architectural engineers and engravers, (architectes ingénieurs et graveurs) divided according to their reſpective ſchools:—the ſecond, prints, emblems and devices of piety:—the third, fables and antiquities, Greek and Roman:—the fourth, medals, coins, and heraldry:—the fifth, public feſtivals, cavalcades, and tournaments:—the ſixth, arts and mathematics:—the ſeventh, engravings from romances and geſts:—the eighth, natural hiſtory:—the ninth, geography:—the tenth, plans and elevations of ancient and modern edifices:—the eleventh, portraits of every deſcription to the number of fifty thouſand:—the twelfth diviſion of this cabinet is the celebrated port-folio Gaignières, exhibiting a collection of faſhions and coſtumes from almoſt every country in the world. It contains the moſt extenſive collection exiſting of engravings illuſtrative of French dreſſes, from the time of Clovis to the preſent day; the greater part are coloured, ſome are on vellum, copied from painted glaſs, tapeſteries, and tombs; the portrait of King John, one of the firſt ſpecimens of painting in France, is in this collection, and in tolerable preſervation.

A pair of immenſe globes are depoſited in this library, conſtructed in the year 1683 by the Jeſuit Coronelli, for the Cardinal d'Eſtrées: what the diameter of theſe globes is, I know not; but you may form ſome idea of it, by learning that they occupy two rooms, part of them being let through the cieling of the lower one, which thus ſerves as a ſort of horizon.

The "conſervateurs de la Bibliotheque Nationale" are men of celebrity in the republic of letters: ſome preſide over the manuſcripts, ſome over the printed books, and others over the engravings; the collection of the former, numerous and valuable as it was, has been greatly increaſed, both in number and in value, by the ſpoils of Venice, Florence, and of Rome; five hundred Greek and Latin MSS. were ſelected from the Vatican, and three hundred from the library of St. Marc, at Venice, ſeventy of which latter, however, were exchanged for the beautiful gem of Jupiter Aigiſchus.

This library is open to the public from ten in the morning till two in the afternoon, on the third, ſixth, and ninth day of the decade: ſtudents who take notes have free admiſſion between the ſame hours on every day. A ſchool is annexed to this library for the living oriental languages. On entering theſe ſpacious rooms the imagination repoſes with pleaſure on the accommodation which is prepared for perſons of every deſciption, who are deſirous of profiting by the rich literary treaſury which ſurrounds him. A range of tables forms a central line

along the apartments, on which are ſcattered pens, ink, and paper. The many random chairs which ſtand about them ſufficiently indicate that they have not long been left. The librarians ſeem to be attentive: a conſiderable number of ſtudents were employed, ſome in reading, others in taking notes, when we perambulated theſe rooms: though perfect ſtrangers, we had the curioſity, or aſſurance, to requeſt that two or three port-folios of engravings might be taken down for our inſpection:—the requeſt was inſtantly complied with.

The Engliſh have to learn a leſſon of liberality from the French: in England every place of public inſpection is beſet with a horde of hungry fee-beggars; in Paris the doors of every national muſeum are thrown open, and none of thoſe pick-pockets are licenced or ſuffered to moleſt you. A man who would ſee the annual exhibition at Somerſet-houſe, of our Engliſh artiſts, muſt pay a paltry and diſgraceful ſhilling for admiſſion: he may walk over the lofty halls of the Louvre, examine the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocöon, and the Capitoline Venus—the works of Raphael, of Guido, and of Titian, as often as he pleaſes, without being ſolicited for a ſingle ſous. This part of the republican ſyſtem is noble, and well worthy the imitation of royalty.

I have given you ſo particular an account of the National Library, that you muſt be ſatisfied if I merely enumerate, currente calamo, the many others which remain to be noticed. La Bibliotheque de la Ville is rich in herbals and drawings of plants, &c. one of the central ſchools is held here under the direction of nine profeſſors, who deliver, ſome daily, others on every other day, a lecture, each in his own department of ſcience; the following is the order of the courſe:—Cit. Le Blanc, the ancient languages—Valmont de Bomare, natural hiſtory—Regnault, deſign—Goſtaz, mathematics—Libes, phyſics and chemiſtry—Thiebault, the principles of general grammar—Milling, hiſtory St. Aubin, the ſcience of legiſlation—St. Auge, the belles-lettres. This library is open to the public every other day, except on the decade, from nine o'clock till three.

Bibliotheque de St. Victor.—This library contains a great many very curious manuſcripts, and among them is a collection of the proceedings againſt the unfortunate Maid of Orleans: here are alſo ſome waxen tablets, on which are recorded the expences of Philippe-le-Bel.

Bibliotheque, St. Germain-des-Prés.—In the year 1794 this library was deſtroyed by fire; it is ſaid that about 900 MSS. were ſaved, and added to thoſe of the Bibliotheque ci-devant Royale: a curious pſalter is preſerved here, written with ſilver letters, on a purple vellum. Alſo a ſmall folio, written in the ſeventh century, on Egyptian papyrus, containing letters of St. Auguſtin.

Bibliotheque

Bibliotheque Marazine, ou de des Quartres Nations, contains about ſixty thouſand volumes: a central ſchool belongs to it, in which courſes of lectures are delivered, preciſely ſimilar to thoſe which are read in the Bibliotheque de la Ville.

Bibliotheque de l'Arſenal.—This immenſe library, containing about 75,000 printed books, and 6000 manuſcripts, formerly belonged to the Count d'Artois; it now forms a part of the library of the conſervative ſenate, at the Luxembourg, and contains many MSS. beautifully illuminated on vellum. On the porch of this arſenal, built in the year 1584, were placed the following two lines, appropriate to the edifice, written by Nicolas Bourbon:—

" Ætna hic Henrico Vulcania tela miniſtrat,
" Tela gigantæos debellatura furores."

Bibliotheque d'Inſtitut National.—To a ſitting of this celebrated ſociety I have not made the ſlighteſt attempt to gain admiſſion. " What a ſtrange unaccountable want of curioſity!" I hear you exclaim, in one of your grave fits of philoſophy, If the inſtitute were to ſend a deputation of its members to invite me, I might, perhaps, do them the honour to accept the invitation. The honeſt truth of the matter is, my good friend—and a very mortifying truth it is, at the ſame time—that if I went I ſhould not underſtand one half that was ſaid, and I do not feel diſpoſed to ſtand there the mere ſymbol of wide-ſtaring wonder: now is there any thing ſo very ſtrange and unaccountable in this?

The proceedings of this ſociety, freely curtailed indeed, have been related in many Engliſh publications: if you are not ſatisfied with them, you may have the whole of their memoirs, by ſending to Paris for them. You know that the plan of the inſtitute is very comprehenſive; embracing all the arts and ſciences which were formerly diſtinctly cultivated by different academies. It is compoſed of 144 members reſident in Paris, and of an equal number ſpread over the departments, together with learned foreigners who aſſociate, to the number of twenty-four. It is divided into three claſſes:—I. Phyſical and mathematical ſciences—II. Moral and political ſciences—III. Literature and the fine arts. Each of theſe is ſubdivided into ſections: each claſs meets twice in the decade, and public meetings are held four times in the year. Prize-queſtions are propoſed, learned and philoſophical papers read, inventions examined, diſcoveries recorded, &c. &c. and in ſhort, every thing which tends to bring the arts and ſciences to perfection it is the object of this ſociety to promote. The library of the national inſtitute contains about 16,000 volumes, including the tranſactions of moſt of the for-

mer French academies, and of many foreign literary ſocieties: it poſſeſſes alſo a valuable collection of machines and models.

With the following naked liſt of the remaining libraries I ſhall cloſe my preſent letter:—Bibliotheque du Tribunat—Du Sénat Conſervateur—Du Prytanée Francais—Du Conſervatoire de Muſique—Du Tribunal de Caſſation—Du Conſeil de l'Ecole des Mines—de l'Ecole Politechnique— De l'Ecole de Santé—and laſtly, la Bibliotheque d'Hiſtoire Naturelle, in which are to be ſeen, among other herbals, thoſe of Tournefort and Vaillant.

(To be continued.)

Some ACCOUNT *of* CHATTERTON.

[From "A Picture of Chriſtian Philoſophy." By Robert Fellowes, B. A. Oxon.]

THOMAS CHATTERTON, one of the moſt extraordinary perſonages that has appeared in the preſent century, was born at Briſtol, November 20, 1752. His predilection for antiquities was excited in his childhood. He ſeems, likewiſe, when almoſt an infant, to have imbibed a paſſion for fame, and a thirſt for diſtinction. Traces of this were viſible in his earlieſt intercourſe. He always ambitiouſly fought the poſt of pre-eminence among his play-fellows. He was not willing to conſider them as his equals; he would have them his ſervants.

In the mind of young Chatterton, the love of pre-eminence was an impetuous and ruling paſſion. It imparted an unwearied activity to the energies of his mind, and inſpired him with vigour, to reſiſt that laſſitude which ariſes from inceſſant exertion. In his meals, he uſed an almoſt aſcetic abſtinence; and he ſlept but little. The greater part of every night he devoted to the multiform occupations of genius; his unquenchable paſſion for fame almoſt enabled him to counteract the ordinary calls of nature for repoſe, and without a conſiderable portion of which common mortals would ſoon expire.

To the early thirſt of Chatterton for diſtinction, and which, more fortunately for the world than for himſelf, took a literary direction, I attribute his forgery of the poems attributed to Rowley. He well knew that any poems appearing in his own name, and as the productions of a pariſh boy, would have excited but little attention; and he certainly could not hope that they would cauſe his reputation to emerge from the boſom of obſcurity. But he knew that the publication of poems ſaid to have been written in the fifteenth century, and with all the harmony of numbers, which is perceptible in the writers of the eighteenth, would be a literary phænomenon well calculated to excite ge-

neral curioſity. Even in Briſtol, where the heart is too uſually dormant to any emotions, but to thoſe of gain and of voluptuouſneſs, a few ſparks of curioſity and of intereſt were elicited, and Chatterton found the ſhadow of patronage (alas, it was but the ſhadow!) in a ſurgeon and a pewterer.

Another motive, which operated to the production of this wonderful forgery, was the deſire of the young author to gratify his vanity, by impoſing on the learned world. This he did moſt effectually. The garb of antiquity, which he aſſumed, ſeems to have deceived ſome of the moſt profound antiquaries; and the genuineneſs of the poems might, to this day, have remained a matter of ambiguity, if the forgery of Chatterton had not been indiſputably eſtabliſhed by the taſte of Warton, and the preciſe and penetrating erudition of Tyrwhit.

The moſt remarkable circumſtance, in the life of Chatterton, is the early maturity of his mind. His intellect, unlike the intellect of moſt men, does not ſeem to have attained its greatneſs by a ſlow and gradual, but a rapid and almoſt inſtantaneous expanſion. Of that taſte, whoſe divine irradiations are diſpenſed to none but the man of genius—of that taſte, which is a ſubtle and delicate emanation from a ſound judgement, quick perceptions, and a vigorous intelligence, and which beſtows the power of diſcerning beauties that are inviſible to vulgar apprehenſions, and of forming combinations which ſtrike univerſally by their juſtneſs or dazzle by their ſplendour—Chatterton poſſeſſed a more than common ſhare, at a premature period.

At the age of ſixteen, he produced the tragedy of Ælla, in which there are the marks of a mind vigorous in purſuit, powerful in combination, and delicate in ſelection. In the peruſal of Ælla, who that can ſympathize with the varied agitations of the human breaſt, can refrain from experiencing alternate emotions of ſoftneſs and of magnanimity—now melted by the tenderneſs of Birtha, now elevated by the heroiſm of Ælla? In the parting ſcene, which is ably managed, the ſpirit of the warrior predominates over that of the lover; while Birtha, an exquiſitely winning portrait of female frailty, is carried irreſiſtibly down the ſtream of her ſenſations. The ſong of the minſtrel is remarkable for its ſimplicity, its ſweetneſs, and pathos.

In "the fragment of Godwin," the chorus of freedom would not have diſgraced the lyre of Gray. In the battle of Haſtings, amid a profuſion of ſimilies and metaphors, the exuberance of a juvenile imagination, there are examples of the true ſublime. "The ballad of charity" cannot be read without tender emotions; for imagination inſtantly ſuggeſts that the wretchedneſs of the poet was ſignified in that of the pilgrim.

To form a true eſtimate of the genius of Chatterton, we muſt not forget that the beauties of his poetry are leſs reſplendent than they

they otherwiſe would be, from the perverted and antiquated diction, and the often barbarous and incongruous idiom, by which they are obſcured. Many of the words, uſed by Chatterton, were the coinage of his own fancy; others are diſtorted from their common and regular acceptation in ancient writers; and the elegance of modern phraſeology is blended with the factitious inſcrutations of antiquity.

The genuine poet is known by the degree of energy, with which he can influence our ſenſations, and make them reſpond to his maſter volitions; who powerfully-touches the chords of our hearts, and deprives us of the poſſeſſion of ourſelves. A ſecond rate poet only plays about the heart; but a poet of the firſt order, like Shakeſpeare in many paſſages and like Chatterton in a few, ſtorms every avenue of the ſoul, and makes us glow with enthuſiaſm, or ſadden with deſpair.

The genius of Chatterton languiſhed in the atmoſphere of Briſtol; his productions were not to the taſte of the merchants, who were wallowing in the luxury of wealth; while the poet was ſuffered to feel the piercing anguiſh of penury and ſcorn. He accordingly accepted the offers of ſome London bookſellers, who invited him to the metropolis. In April, 1770, he left his native city; glowing, probably, with thoſe gay illuſions of fame and fortune, with which hope is continually cheating the burning fancy of youth. But the fond expectations of poor Chatterton were never realized; and diſtracted with the recollection of paſt neglect, and the proſpect of future miſery, he took poiſon on the evening of the 24th of Auguſt, 1770, of which he expired, the next morning, when he wanted almoſt three months to complete his eighteenth year.

Mr. Warton has obſerved, that Chaucer is like a genial day in an Engliſh ſpring; but Chatterton appears to reſemble a meteor ſeen in a ſummer ſky; which paſſes away too ſoon for all its deviations to be noted, or all its luſtre to be aſcertained.

SKETCH *of* FOLEY-HOUSE MASQUERADE.

THE maſquerade given by Mr. Thelluſſon, on Wedneſday night, May 26, 1802, may rank among the firſt entertainments of the kind which have ever been offered to the *beau monde* of the metropolis.

The preparations for this fete were in a very expenſive ſtile. The terrace next the garden was ornamented with oak and laurel in leaves, which formed an arched covering; variegated lamps were entwined, and the prince's feathers appeared in the centre of the whole. A temporary colonnade was erected from the hall of the outer-gate, in the court-yard, which was likewiſe lighted with lamps.

The rooms ſet apart for the promenade diſplayed all the elegant gaiety, that brilliant illumination and artificial flowers, arranged with ſuperior taſte, may be ſuppoſed to have produced. The crayon floors alſo, while they laſted, gave a brilliance to the ſcene.

The great hall at Foley-houſe was converted into the appearance of a village. In the centre was an inn, the ſign of the Feathers, in which a country club was held. The landlady, an old woman, whoſe money might be ſuppoſed to have induced a young man to become the landlord. Mr. P. Thelluſſon repreſented the former, and Sir W. W. Wynne the latter. Here was alſo the poſt-office, with a number of letters ſtuck up for delivery, and addreſſed to the different characters —Much laugh and good humour was occaſioned by this well-imagined device. Adjoining to the inn was the tap-houſe, and Lord Longford was an excellent tapſter. The reſt of the village was compoſed of the following ſhops, which were all occupied, and the characters of them reſpectively ſupported in the following manner:

Doctor Brodum's ſhop, - -	Mr. Champneys.
Levi's old cloath's ſhop, - -	Lord Cranley.
Dicky Goſſip's ſhop, - - -	Mr. Giles.
Jobſon, the cobler's ſhop, - -	Mr. J. Maddocks.
Snip, the taylor's ſhop, - -	Colonel Fitzroy.
Tiddy Doll's gingerbread ſhop, -	Mr. Cox.
Caleb Quotem's auction room -	Mr. Wrotteſley.
Jemmy Jumps, the ſtaymaker's ſhop,	Colonel Armſtrong.
An Iriſh oppoſition inn, - -	Major Doyle.
In the middle of the village, a methodiſt preacher in a tub, declaiming on the immorality of maſquerades,	Mr. T. Sheridan.

This novel and unexpected ſcene was diſplayed at about two o'clock, and renewed the exhilaration of the company, by an exhibition which produced all the comic effect that may be imagined to ariſe from the characters that compoſed it.

At three o'clock eight ſupper-rooms were thrown open, and diſplayed as many luxurious and elegant banquets.

The royal viſitors, conſiſting of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, and Prince William of Glouceſter, were conducted up ſtairs to an apartment fitted up with appropriate ſplendour for their reception.

After ſupper, the ſound of trumpets announced ſome additional amuſement—it was the arrival of the *phantaſmagoria*, with *freſh ſpirits* to renew the general animation.

The prince was dreſſed as a baron of ancient times in ſcarlet, richly ornamented with gold. He wore an old-faſhioned doublet of ſcarlet cloth, with flaſhed ſleeves; a ſhort cloak of ſcarlet cloth; the gold lace and fringe very deep and rich on both.—

Around

Around the knees, the gold fringe was a quarter of a yard deep. A black hat with white feathers laid flat and hanging out on each ſide; whiſkers, and the face painted to diſguiſe, formed the reſt of the dreſs. The dreſs was grand, and his royal highneſs made a noble appearance.

The Duke of Cumberland and Prince William of Glouceſter appeared in dominos.

The Duke of Clarence was preſent, but did not unmaſk, and retired before ſupper.

The Prince of Wales nearly met with a fatal accident: as his highneſs was getting out of his carriage, a pole of a coach behind ſtruck the prince in his right ſide, and knocked him off the ſtep, providentially without material injury.

Narrative of the cruel Puniſhment inflicted by Order of the late Emperor Paul, on Mr. Seider, Lutheran-Miniſter of Randen, in Livonia, who was accuſed of having prohibited Books in his Poſſeſſion.

(Concluded from Page 426.)

IT was now night, and an awful ſilence reigned around me. My miſery preſented itſelf to my imagination in all its giant-magnitude:— What waſt thou but a few days ago (ſaid I to myſelf), and what art thou now? What is the cauſe of thy dreadful ſufferings? Thou haſt been condemned and puniſhed as a criminal! In what does thy crime conſiſt? To the greateſt malefactor the proofs of his guilt are exhibited, to convince him of the juſtice of the puniſhment inflicted upon him. But on thee they have paſſed ſentence, without having given thee a hearing—without having convicted thee of the ſmalleſt tranſgreſſion! How cruel! God! as thou knoweſt my innocence, how couldſt thou permit ſuch an act of injuſtice!" In ſuch lamentations I paſſed the night, a prey to deſpair, tortured with bodily pain, and ſwimming in tears. "In this wretched condition (thought I,) thou wilt lie and ſuffer without help, till death relieve thee, or till they drag thee away into exile! Every one will flee from thee as an outcaſt from ſociety, as a wretch branded with infamy!"

But I was miſtaken. Early the next morning two young men entered my apartment. Heavens! I diſcovered them to be two of my former pupils, who ſix years before had boarded in my houſe. "O my friends, (ſaid I to them) you ſee the man, who once guided your ſteps into the paths of virtue lying here himſelf as a criminal and a felon!" They could only anſwer with tears, which however told me more than their moſt

eloquent

eloquent words could have expreſſed. They gave me ſome money, and, ſobbing, haſtened out of the room. From that time, my apartment was never empty during the whole day. Perſons of both ſexes and of all ranks viſited me, and ſhewed me, by word and deed, their ſincere ſympathy with my misfortunes. Many of them had already known me in Livonia. They all aſſured me, that my hard fate had cauſed a great ſenſation in Peterſburg, and that powerful interceſſion had been made in my behalf; and that my friends were ſtill endeavouring to obtain my pardon, and prevent my being ſent into exile.

The phyſician who has the care of the ſick in the police-houſe, likewiſe viſited me the next morning: he preſcribed ſome medicines for me, and put a bliſter on me. My brother-in-law ſoon after came to ſee me. I requeſted him to go to Livonia to my wife, and tell her that I had fallen ſick in Peterſburg, and wiſhed to ſee her; and that he would bring her with all poſſible ſpeed to Peterſburg, but entirely conceal from her my dreadful fate. I intended that M. Reinbold ſhould prepare her for the worſt, and then conduct her to me, that I might converſe with her relative to our domeſtic arrangement, before ſhe became entirely the partner of my misfortunes. My brother-in-law approved of my plan, and ſet out that ſame day for Livonia. During his abſence, I had frequent viſits from perſons of every condition. M. Reinbold came ſometimes twice a day. Some Ruſſian clergymen likewiſe came to ſee me. My phyſician, a Ruſſian and very benevolent man, did every thing in his power to remove the evil conſequences of my diſorder. He converſed with me in the Latin and Italian languages. His name, if I miſtake not, is Rebuſoff. Every day he ſent to the governor reports of the ſtate of my health, in all of which he intimated that I was yet very weak and ſick. Ah! the worthy kind-hearted man knew that I was expecting my wife, and endeavoured thus to put off the time of my departure. This, however, arrived ſooner than I expected. I had recovered ſo far, that I could eat and drink with a good appetite, but ſtill was ſo weak as not to be able to leave my bed. About the middle of the night of the eleventh day, after I had been brought to the infirmary, I heard a noiſe in my room. I ſtarted up, and ſaw a man with a candle in his hand, ſtanding at my bed-ſide. Staring wildly at him, I ſaid a few confuſed words. "Do you not know? (replied he): I am the phyſician who viſited you in the fort, and have been ſent hither to examine into the ſtate of your health." He then felt my pulſe, looked at my tongue, and then ſaid: "You are ſtill very weak: I ſhall ſend you ſome medicines to-morrow." This man was a German, and his name is Haſſe.

On the following morning an officer came to my bed-ſide, with an order that I ſhould come to the governor. I told him that from my great weakneſs I was ſtill incapable of walking.

I aſked him, however, for what purpoſe I had been ſent for. He anſwered haſtily: "L'Empereur vous a pardoné." I replied: "Ne trompez pas un malheureux par des vaines paroles: c'eſt en vain qui vous me berces d'eſperances!" But he aſſured me, upon his honour, that the emperor had pardoned me, and immediately left me. He was a Ruſſian, and a man of highly poliſhed manners. About half an hour after, two grenadiers came, lifted me out of my bed, and carried me to another very dirty apartment in the police-houſe, whither my trunk was likewſe brought. I now no longer doubted that they were preparing for my journey into Siberia. In a few minutes they carried me into the court, and laid me in a wretched cart with one horſe, where my trunk had already been placed. The place was crowded with ſpectators: I ſaw tears flow, hands lifted towards Heaven, and heard ſighs of compaſſion reſound through the air. The cart drove through the gate, and crowds followed me through ſeveral ſtreets. I lay wrapped up in a cloak, and wept aloud. We ſoon paſſed through the gate of the city; and Peterſburg lay behind me. I raiſed myſelf up, and overcome with pain and grief exclaimed, "Farewell my beloved wife! Farewell my ſweet darling child!"—and then again fell back, my heart torn with unſpeakable anguiſh.

When we arrived at the firſt ſtation, I was ſo ill that I could not move. The perſon who had there the charge of the priſoners, was ſo compaſſionate as to keep me four days. During this time I recovered from the violent agitation of mind into which I had been thrown by my ſudden departure: but my great debility ſtill continued. However, I was obliged to proceed farther; and it is now four months that I have been travelling the road of exile and miſery. Every day, I more and more ſenſibly feel the greatneſs of my misfortune. I have loſt every thing—my wife, my child, my office, my bread, my honour, my domeſtic and civil happineſs, my friends, my health is deſtroyed, my life itſelf hangs by a ſlender thread.

The above account of Mr. Seider's ſufferings is extracted from a letter which he wrote from Siberia to one of his friends.—In another letter he tells his friend, that he had diſcovered what might have been the cauſe of the cruel ſentence paſſed upon him. Amongſt his papers, which he had left behind him in his ſtudy, was a catalogue of the Dorpat Reading Society, among which were ſeveral forbidden books. This catalogue, which he had borrowed for a few days, had probably been ſeized and ſent to Peterſburg, where it had perhaps been miſtaken for the catalogue of Mr. Seider's own library.

Every friend of juſtice will hear with pleaſure, that the preſent Emperor Alexander has, with the humanity which is characteriſtic of his mind, not only reſtored Mr. Seider to his clerical

rical functions, but ordered him to be veſted with the firſt living in Livonia which may become vacant, allowing him out of his privy purſe an annual income of ſeven hundred and fifty roubles (nearly one hundred pounds), until ſuch a vacancy may preſent itſelf.

Mr. Seider bears the character of a man of learning. He poſſeſſes almoſt all the modern languages, and has on many occaſions diſtinguiſhed himſelf by poetical compoſitions in German not inferior to the beſt productions of the preſent day.

The ſubſcription for his benefit which Kotzebue (in the Moſt Remarkable Year of his Life) mentions as having been made for him, to a very large amount, at a dinner, after the late emperor's death, did not take place.—The inhabitants of Peterſburg, particularly the foreigners, raiſed him ſeveral conſiderable ſum, which were partly remitted to him in Siberia, to pay the expences of his journey back, and partly were employed for the ſupport of his wife and family.

An USEFUL HINT *to* STUDENTS.

"IN my French and Latin tranſlations (ſays the celebrated Mr. Gibbon) I adopted an excellent method, which, from my own ſucceſs, I would recommend to the imitation of ſtudents. I choſe ſome claſſic writer, ſuch as Cicero and Vertot, the moſt approved for purity and elegance of ſtyle. I tranſlated, for inſtance, an epiſtle of Cicero into French; and after throwing it aſide, till the words and phraſes were obliterated from my memory, I re-tranſlated my French into ſuch Latin as I could find; and then compared each ſentence of my imperfect verſion, with the eaſe, the grace, the propriety of the Roman orator. A ſimilar experiment was made on ſeveral pages of the Revolutions of Vertot; I turned them into Latin, re-turned them after a ſufficient interval into my own French, and again ſcrutinized the reſemblance or diſſimilitude of the copy and the original. By degrees I was leſs aſhamed, by degrees I was more ſatisfied with myſelf; and I perſevered in the practice of theſe double tranſlations, which filled ſeveral books, till I had acquired the knowledge of both idioms, and the command at leaſt of a correct ſtyle."

A REMARK *of* GIBBON, *the* HISTORIAN.

IT muſt be confeſſed that, of all nations on the globe, the Engliſh are the leaſt attentive to the old and infirm; I do not mean in acts of charity, but in the offices of civil life.

COLD WEATHER *in* MAY.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

THE extraordinary cold weather that lately prevailed has doubtleſs raiſed the curioſity of many of your readers to enquire, "if the like has ever been."

I am credibly informed, by an old man, that 50 years ago, or upwards, he remembers ſnow falling on the 29th of May, and that it lay on the ground all day.

Another informs me that, upwards of 50 years ago (he was then a lad, and lived at Boſton), that the pavement was there ſo ſlippery with the froſt and ſnow about the middle of May, O. S. that many caught hold of one another's arms to prevent their falling.

I have often heard my father ſay, he remembered, that when a boy he could not one year find an oak apple, or a leaf of the oak, to put in his hat on oak apple day. I am inclined to think this muſt have been the ſame year; but as my collection of journals is only for 27 years paſt, I hope ſome of your many readers will take the trouble of looking back to the time alluded to.

In the year 1776, May 25, a white froſt laſt night, ice as thick as half a crown.

1779, May 2, thermometer 37, at 5 A. M. and on the 4th, 36, at 4½ A. M. a white froſt. The reſt of May remarkably mild.

In the year 1780 my journal is imperfect.

1783, May 7, thermometer 36, and ſnow fell in large flakes.

1785, May 17, much ſnow fell at Numiding, in Northumberland.

1787, May 1, thermometer 32, ice as thick as half a crown. Though ſeeking for the coldeſt weather in May, I cannot help putting down the height of the thermometer on the 1ſt of May, 1788, in contraſt to the 1ſt of May, 1787, 81½ at 3, P. M.

1791, On the night of the 6th, thermometer 29.

1792, May 13, a ſharp white froſt, which hurt the buds of the oak and aſh.

1793, May 31, French beans much hurt by the froſt.

1795, May 27, an account of a great fall of ſnow in the different northern counties.

1796, May 5, vines much hurt by the cold winds; 27th the hills of Derbyſhire covered with ſnow.

1799, May 25, thermometer 36, at 3 A. M.

Through the whole of the journals I can find nothing to equal the ſeverity of this preſent May. On the night of the 13th, the thermometer was 31; on the 14th, 30; on the 15th, 31; on the 16th and 17th, 30.

May 24, 1802.

Anſwer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to T. Adey's Rebus, inſerted April 19.

THE town in Cornwall I found out ;
PENRYN you mean, I make no doubt.

☞ Similar anſwers have been received from T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; W. Cooper, of Plymouth Dock; C. Mackey; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh: Pentreath, of Mouſehole; J. Sweetman, near Lyme; Tyro, of Linkinhorne; Juvenis, of Dorcheſter; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; and G. England.

Anſwer, by H. Humphreys, of Exeter, to J. Lewis's Rebus, inſerted April 26.

YOUR whole brings ISINGLASS to ſight,
Which oft is us'd to make wines bright.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from G. H. near Bridport; W. Cooper, of Plymouth Dock; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; Juvenis, and W. England, of Dorcheſter; J. Sweetman, near Lyme; W. Strong, of Exeter; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; T. Adey, of Poole; and M. A. B. of Newton Abbot.

A CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton.*

MY firſt is a beaſt, my ſecond's a bird ;
My whole is for whiſtling and ſinging preferr'd.

A CHARADE, *by Sally, of Plymouth Dock.*

A Thing, kind Sirs, you muſt diſcloſe,
On which you often take repoſe ;
Then next an inſect call to mind,
That farmers very often find :
Theſe parts combin'd, aright and true,
Will name it, Sirs, and now, adieu !

A CHARADE, *by E. Penney, of Exeter.*

A River find, ye wits, ſo keen,
On whoſe fair banks moſt dreadful ſcenes
War lately did diſplay ;
My next is mortal man's long home,
Where he muſt wait his final doom,
Till the laſt awful day.
Scan well the two, and join the ſame,
A foreign title you will name.

A REBUS, *by J. Lewis, of Poole.*

AN animal you've firſt to find ;
A well-known fruit then call to mind ;
A liquid next you muſt deſcry ;
A metal that attracts the eye ;
And laſt of all then you muſt tell
A meaſure that is known full well :
Join the initials true and right,
A flower, gents. you'll have in ſight.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

An ADDRESS *to* HEALTH.

Written in the Courſe of a Morning's Walk.

NYMPH of the morning! Bluſhing health!
My heart would all its cares reſign;
Nor envy e'en a monarch's wealth,
Wert thou and Adelaide but mine.

O lead me to thy bleſt retreat,
Where freſhneſs fills the breezy air;
Where winter's chill, nor ſummer's heat,
Diſperſe the ſpring eternal there.

Say doſt thou court the winding vales,
Array'd in Flora's blooming train,
Where, wafted on ambroſial gales,
The perfumes ſcent the highland plain?

Or doſt thou leave thoſe ſcenes below,
To liſten to the hoarſe caſcade;
Or climb the mountain's airy brow,
Or ſlumber in the wild wood's ſhade.

Perchance thy nimble feet explore,
The rock-clad beach, and echoing caves,
Where many a ſea-breeze on the ſhore
Breathes freſhneſs from the clear blue waves.

Or doſt thou dip thy flowing locks
Beneath the ocean's ſmooth expanſe,
Where figures of reflected rocks
Around thy youthful beauties dance?

Say, when the hunter's bugle ſounds
O'er hill and dale, and lengthening plain;
Say, doſt thou ſeek the yelping hounds,
And join the noiſy, ſportive train?

I envy oft the peaſant's lot
Amidſt the woodland's ſoothing gloom,
Where round his low, his bliſsful cot,
Thy form diſplays its heav'nly bloom.

How truly ſweet thoſe rural joys!
How much unlike the city's care!
Unlike, indeed, the buſtling noiſe,
And nauſeous fumes that cloud the air.

O come then, health! delightful health!
And lead me to thy roſeate ſhrine;
I'd ſcorn the monarch's ſordid wealth,
Wert thou and Adelaide but mine.

HILARIUS.

Devonſhire.

INVOCATION *to* MAY.

FROM ſoft Favonius' mild retreat,
Where whiſpering zephyrs love to meet,
Yet trembling from the ſtormy north,
Behold the ſpring comes bluſt'ring forth.
Laſt of her train the lovely May,
Faireſt and beſt adorns the day.
Around ſhe throws her humid eyes,
She breathes, and nipping Auſter flies.
Where'er her printleſs footſteps tread,
The cowſlip rears its trembling head;
Where'er her dewy mantle flows
The earth her vernal ſweets beſtows;
And Philomel's re-echoing ſtrain,
Makes night and darkneſs feel her reign.

Come then, ſweet May, whoſe balmy air,
Reviving nature joys to ſhare;
Come then, ſweet May, whoſe breath inſpires
Soft loves and elegant deſires:
With all of youth, of fragrance grac'd,
Haſte, harbinger of ſummer, haſte.

C. S.

EVENING: *An* ODE.

HAIL, ſolemn viſionary hour!
Thy ſilent dim return I greet;
No gleam to gild yon mouldering tow'r,
No ſound for echo to repeat.

Sweet ſprite of eve! that lov'ſt to glide,
In ſilence, 'mid the twilight ſky,
Whoſe form can only be deſcried
By muſing fancy's favour'd eye!

Sweet ſprite! by whoſe aerial pow'r
Are fancy's fineſt viſions wrought,
That hovereſt at this fairy hour,
To prompt the ſoft, the penſive thought!

Sweet

Sweet ſprite! with whom my youth hath ſhed
Full oft the tender, pleaſing tear,
Whoſe form has thrill'd my breaſt with dread,
What ſtrain may pleaſe thine hallow'd ear?

With thee the raptur'd bard reſorts,
To thee reſigns his ſoul ſublime,
To range 'mid terror's awful courts!
To glance beyond the bounds of time!

Thy milder influence, too, hath taught
His ſoul in melting ſtrains to grieve,
Strains that, with ſofteſt ſadneſs fraught,
Shalt gentle boſoms deeply heave.

O! may to me thine aſpect wear
The ſweet, the inexpreſſive grace
Of her my breaſt ſtill holds ſo dear,
Of her whom fancy loves to trace.

And when I rove the heath along,
Or 'mid ſome dark dell lingering ſtray,
To meditate my ſimple ſong,
O! thou! inſpire the ruſtic lay!

And if the mellow moon-light fall
On haunted grove, or vale remote,
O! then thy fairy minſtrels call
To ſwell the fine voluptuous note.

And when, beneath thoſe willows' boughs,
On yon old moſſy bridge I lean,
To watch the lone ſtream as it flows,
Reſtore ſome pleaſing long-paſt ſcene.

And when, in ſolemn tones, the wind
Sweeps thro' yon abbey's crannied cells,
With dread accordance may my mind
Swell, as the deepening muſic ſwells.

But, if the dark clouds, tempeſt-blown,
Roll in their dreadful depth of ſhade,
If night, with terrors round him thrown,
Thy calm, thy ſoothing reign invade,

The threatening ſcene I then will leave,
And to my low-rooft cot retire,
There ſing thy praiſe, ſweet ſprite of eve!
If thou my liſtening ſoul inſpire!

T.

Q. C. C. March 6, 1802.

REFLECTIONS.

THE ſun reſplendent gilds the morn
With mild and genial ray,
The diſtant hills he tips with gold,
And drives the miſt away.

The warbling lark his riſing greets,
And waves her downy wings;
To realms ethereal ſee her ſoar,
And ſoaring, hark! ſhe ſings.

But ſullen clouds o'ercaſt the ſky,
And threat'ning rain impends;
The ſun withdraws his radiant beams,
And ſwift the lark deſcends.

As ſudden as this heavy gloom,
As haſty as this ſhow'r,
Is joy by ſudden grief repreſs'd,
And irkſome hangs each hour.

How oft with joy man hails the morn,
And pleaſure fills his eyes,
But oft, how oft, doth eve's dark ſhades
Bring ſorrow, tears, and ſighs!

Swift as the lark falls to her neſt,
By raging ſtorms diſmay'd,
So man by ſorrow's fatal hand
Is often doom'd to fade!

This fleeting ſtorm an emblem is
Of all our earthly joys;
We ſcarcely taſte the ſeeming good,
Ere ſome rude blaſt deſtroys!

SONG.

FROM childhood's band's ere I eſcap'd,
Ere reaſon my ideas ſhap'd,
Ere yet I knew what paſſion meant,
His warm deſire affection lent.

As added years my age improv'd,
With tender zeal the fair I lov'd,
Some charmer taught my heart to ſtray,
Whoſe beauty pointed out the way.

Soon as the flame of love decays,
Some nymph ſtill fans the latent blaze,
Some other charmer prompts my ſighs,
With all the magic of her eyes.

The ſun in vain to me appears,
'Tis love alone that life endears,
And from thoſe thoughts of good I blot
Thoſe hours when beauty was forgot.

On a loquacious Female, who was born on the ſhorteſt Day.

I Lament you were born on St. Thomas's-day,
And my reaſon is one of the ſtrongeſt,
For truly, dear, Jane, you have *ſo much to ſay*,
That you ſhould have been born on the *longeſt!*